THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

> Various;—that the mind
> Of desultory man, studious of change,
> And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
> COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

THE smiles of a fine lady never produced such an effect on the spirits of a superanuated beau, as your condescension has produced on mine. He must possess an uncommon share of confidence, who may not be honestly swayed by the approbation of Mr. Oldschool. Ever since my imagination has been awakened by the obliging things which you are pleased to say of K. T. my habitual indolence has yielded to a desire of forming a more intimate acquaintance with the principal of the revered old school. If, therefore, you have conjured up a troublesome spirit, your candour will excuse his importunities.

Was it not one of the heroes of Goldsmith, perhaps the honourable Mr. Skeggs, who formed the prudent resolution of learning Greek, for the express purpose of instructing his daughter in that language; although miss was not only then unborn, but the legal preliminaries of her existence had not yet been laid down in the marriage articles of monsieur and madame Skeggs? 'Tis ten, nay, a thousand to one. that the case of the "Tour Round the Lakes" is similar: but whether R. F. may have already written his Tour, and laid it up to mellow for nine years; or whether it may be his intention in the next ensuing three years, to acquire such a stock of knowledge as may enable him to occupy three other years in travel and observation; and then, at the end of the legal period, give his work to the publick, is a matter of no moment, as he now declares, that his Tour shall not be published by the authour, before the year of our Lord 1815: reserving nevertheless to his heirs, in case of the authour's demise before the aforesaid period, the right of publishing his Tour, or any other of his works, which shall come legally into his, her, or their hands.

I doubt not but some learned criticks and profound connoisseurs, will hang down their heads at this gloomy intelligence. But, gentlemen, take courage; you shall have every advantage which the nature of the case can afford; and if we credit Dr. Johnson, there is still room for hope. The Doctor, speaking, I think, of one of Mr. Addison's performances, says, "In this poem is a very confident and discriminative character of Spenser, whose work he had then *never read.*" Know therefore, gentlemen, that if this Tour exist at all, it must be in manuscript, tied with a piece of read packthread, rolled up after the manner of the ancients, and that as I pos-

sess but one bureau, and that of walnut, you may with much probability conclude that the Tour is lodged in that same walnut fortress. So that if you cannot get right at it, point blank, you may exercise your artillery by discharging now and then a random shot—*prohibent nam cætera parcæ.*

It may be necessary, sir, to lay before you, some of the reasons which have influenced the authour to lay up his work, whether prosaick or otherwise; and which he is persuaded are as advantageous to the reader as to the authour. First, we authours may, during that period, add something to our little magazine of knowledge, provided we make a proper use of our time. Besides, it is a mournful truth that many laborious writers of high expectation, cease to enjoy a learned reputation on the fatal day of publication: now to this class the nine years are so much clear gain. Then sir, there are the vagaries of Fortune, who seems to have reserved her wildest frolicks, and wickedest pranks, for our days: therefore no one will be surprized, if before 1815, the gazettes foreign and domestick, resound the titles and arch-titles of K. T. arch-treasurer, arch-chancellor, or arch something of some arch-dutchy of Austria, Prussia, or Poland. The example has been set, and *entre nous*, I have a Frenchman's word for it:

Le sort *burlesque* dans ce siecle de *fer*,
D'un *pedent* quand il veut sait faire un *Duc* et *pair*.*

To the advantages already enumerated, the sage and patient reader also has a fair claim, and to the following inestimable one into the bargain: the authour may die in his probationary state, and then *odiem præclaram!* The happy reader may feast on all the luxuries of a posthumous work, garnish'd with the authour's life, two hundred pages more or less, of a *discours preliminaire*, a dozen pages of an *avant-propos*, and then the various prefaces of the defunct authour and learned editor. Ah sir, all this handsomely done up *a la Française*, is delicious, exquisite, ravishing!

Fiat justitia is a golden rule; in conformity to which allow me to inform you, that your Printer has, by a mistake, put two unoffending letters, R. F. into jeopardy; while the real defaulters have taken shelter in the shade afforded to them by the trembling hand and blunted pen of

K. T.

* Could Boileau indeed, have his Dutch Majesty in view, when he wrote the foregoing lines? The poets were called *vates*, so were the prophets.

Mr. SELFRIDGE.

Law Report.—We have lately perused a report of the trial of the *Commonwealth of Massachusetts v. T. O. Selfridge*, for manslaughter, and feel no hesitation in recommending it to the perusal of the publick, as one of the most interesting and important cases that ever was decided. The doctrine of *homicide* in all its various gradations, is there laid down in the most perspicuous manner by Mr. Justice Parsons, Chief Judge of the Supreme Court: and the facts that occurred in the case afforded the counsel engaged for the defendant an opportunity for the display of eminent and shining abilities, which they have not neglected. The speech of Mr. Dexter assumes and maintains with a lofty spirit ground that we do not remember ever to have seen taken in a court of law before. A single remark only shall be made on an assertion contained in the rambling, feeble, puerile, unargumentative and unlawyer-like speech of Mr. Sullivan the Attorney General: He asserted publickly (page 140) that "*Alexander Hamilton wrote against Washington.*" This is a base falsehood. And as this trial will be extensively circulated and read, it is to be hoped the federal editors every where, particularly at Boston, will not permit this slander of Mr. Sullivan's to remain uncontradicted. I denominate Mr. Sullivan's falsehood "*base*," because it appears that his speech was corrected by himself, and of course the

assertion is given to the world with his deliberate assent.

Those who, after reading the Report, feel a desire to be made fully acquainted with a controversy which has been so much misrepresented in the democratick prints, may gratify their curiosity by the perusal of a small pamphlet accompanying the *Report*, written with a strength, a perspicuity, and an elegance not often to be met with. Here we should have stopt, had not the most unwarrantable attempts been made to connect a mere private affair with federal politicks, and in the most wicked and wanton manner to fasten a stigma on the party itself, for an act represented by them as an enormous crime, which a jury, composed of men of all parties, has pronounced innocent and justifiable.

The reader of the Report and the Statement will have an opportunity of seeing to what lengths party malice can carry our eastern democrats. They will have an opportunity to perceive that while a fellow-citizen was confined within the walls of a prison for months, to take his trial for his life, a publick press could with unparalleled infamy be devoted during the whole time to influence the community, by partial statements, and malignant comment, to prejudge his case so as to render it difficult for him to obtain an impartial jury; while no attempt was made by the court itself whose jurisdiction was thus violated, to interfere and put a stop to this horrible conspiracy against life, by a *process for contempt*. And to wind up the outrageous proceeding, they will see with equal astonishment, indignation, and abhorrence, that the probable authours of this newspaper assassination were no other than the father of the man whose life was forfeited to the law of self-defence, and the Attorney-General who was to conduct the trial.—A case which we venture to say will serve abroad to bring greater disgrace on American manners and morals than any thing that has been invented by the most slanderous European that ever visited our shores for the purpose of defaming the national character abroad.

Coleman.

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A GAG FOR THE DEMOCRATS.

Persevering in a system of deliberate and wilful falsehood, and desperately fighting against *fact*, the jacobins continue to violently assail Mr Selfridge for killing *in self-defence*, the junior Austin. The defence of Mr. S. can be rested *only* on five bases, but alack! alack! how *sandy* are they all in the estimation of a scoundrel and a democrat, who obstinately shuts his eyes against the noontide ray :

The law of nature,
The laws of England,
The law of the land,
The Hebrew Ritual, and
The Gospel Code.

—

We strenuously recommend to the close attention and liberal construction of the candid and the wise, Mr. Selfridge's modest but manly narrative of a transaction in which he displayed no other temper than that of prudence, justice, and magnanimity. No individual may tamely suffer the sacred right of personal security to be rudely violated :

"There is a SPIRIT IN MAN, and God hath given him understanding."

BIOGRAPHY.

In pursuing our literary labours we are solicitous of nothing so much as the approbation of THE GENTLEMEN OF THE BAR. With a few, a very few disgraceful exceptions among the jacobin faction, the Lawyers of America are NATURE'S NOBLEMEN, and constitute, in a very eminent degree, THE NATURAL ARISTOCRACY of the country. They display more genius, and are endowed with more learning, than any other *cast* in Columbian society. Whether a munificent patron, like the Duke of Dorset, or the Earl of Halifax, exist in America, may be made a question, but if there be such a man, or if a Mæcenas hereafter arise, unquestionably he is of the legal profession. To the generosity of their tempers, as well as to the ingenuity of their minds, the editor ought to bear willing testimony. They have repeatedly cheered him in his course when he was almost fainting; and when, in consequence of democratick violence and absurdity, his honour and his

liberty were jeopardized, they were the volunteer champions of his cause He has the honour of numbering on the front roll of his friends, many an eloquent advocate, who, to forensick talents, of which an ERSKINE might not be ashamed, adds a probity most untainted, a generosity most unbounded, and a conscience purer than chrystal. The editor takes frequent occasion to descant on the merits of the profession, not only from his ardent sense of their general and *individual* kindness, but because Lawyers, of late, are THE CONSTANT TOPICKS OF JACOBINICAL OBLOQUY. He wishes to promulgate, in the widest manner, his opinion respecting their talents and integrity, and that they are to their country, *et decus et præsidium*, both a defence and a decoration. A miserable scribbler in the north, and a wild Irishman in the capital of Pennsylvania, have long been in the habit of assailing the bar. But the puny efforts of the contemptible foe are alike ridiculous and unavailing. The assault has been made, but THE CITADEL REMAINS UNSHAKEN. On the ribs of a rhinoceros no painful impression can be made by a *woman*'s hand. On the Rock of Gibraltar, tennis-balls and pellets of cotton are cast in vain.

In conformity with our habitual inclination to render every possible service to the eminent lawyers of our country, we present to them in this day's *Port Folio*, a masterly portrait of a late Lord High Chancellor of England. The honoured name of THURLOW challenges attention, and the ability, integrity, manliness, learning, and spirit of the friend of JOHNSON and of COWPER, must receive all our applause. The *publick* character of this great man is worthy of the highest admiration. His political principles, his loyal zeal, his rigid inflexibility, his lofty temper, his *contempt for the people*, his munificent disposition, and his personal and political courage, will secure him fame as long as Merit, Dignity, and Honour are in request among mankind. Over some parts of his *private* character, let Candour draw her veil. But though the moralist may weep, and the furious fanatick frown at the gallantries and oaths of this nobleman, yet the philosopher who looks steadfastly at that wondrous mechanism, the human heart, and counts with a physician's precision, all its pulsations, will perhaps smile at discovering another proof in an illustrious character, of the mysterious alliance between GENIUS with eyes of heavenly fire, and Passions, more ungovernable than the zebra of the wilderness.

CONSIDERATIONS ON THE CHARACTER OF LORD THURLOW.

The accidents of life are in no profession more influential than in that of the law. Talents may labour without obtaining distinction during many years; yet, at last, some fortunate event may demonstrate that their possessour is not a mere dolt who had been so long only plodding, but a man of capacity, whose abilities were unable, without assistance, to start into day. On the contrary, we know others, whose first appearance has been so favourable, that opinion has marked them for distinction, and they have done little more in succeeding life, than maintain that progress to celebrity which was then so happily commenced. The talents of a lawyer are not confined to the knowledge of his profession: this is necessary, but it is not all. The most critical acquaintance with black letter books, Bracton and Fleta, or Lyttleton and Coke, unless accompanied by manifest zeal for the interest of a client, industry to overcome obstacles, and ingenuity to combine all advantages and defeat all opposition, will effect but little at the bar. It is curious to observe by what different methods counsel affect to obtain celebrity. Some by adopting a persuasive manner, unlock the heart of a witness, and by a gentleness of tone sooth information out of him, which otherwise would have been withheld; others by bluster, terrour, and storm, think they induce the most stubborn to bend, and that by these means they obtain their wishes, where less decisive efforts would have failed. The character which we are now to consider, has uniformly been reckoned among those of the latter description.

Edward Lord Thurlow, was son of a respectable clergyman at Ashfield, in Suffolk, from which place he afterwards took his title. Narrow circumstances prevented his father from bestowing on his education all the attention he could have wished. He did, however, all in his power, and foresaw that his son Edward would "fight his way in the world." With this intention he was sent to Cambridge, where his studies were preparatory to his pursuit of the law as a profession. He was in person large and robust; of a strong mind, retentive memory, vehe-

ment passions, and so much addicted in early life to pleasure, the bottle, and gallantry, that only those who knew him intimately could calculate upon his real powers. He would lounge away hour after hour and day after day at Nando's coffee-house, apparently without reflection; but we believe we are correct in stating, that he laboured *nightly* in the study of his profession, while he seemed to procure his knowledge nobody knew how: in truth, the labour it cost him was excessive. The cause which ascertained Mr. Thurlow's future rank, was the famous Douglas cause, in which he had occasion for all his firmness, diligence, and activity: and we have been repeatedly informed, that the *necessity* of exertion on this occasion was the making of Thurlow. It will be recollected that the counsel were the most eminent of the English bar; and not to be unequal to Yorke, Wedderburn, Dunning, &c. required every attention, and the whole mind of our rising lawyer. Emulation then, not to call it rivalship, stimulated Thurlow, who, had he had less conspicuous coadjutors, or adversaries, would have been content with less distinction; but being determined to equal others, he in fact, surpassed himself. It was understood that he was the marked opponent of Wedderburn; and that he was never better pleased than when retained on the contrary side. Mr. Thurlow was made King's Counsel in 1762, Solicitor General in 1770, and Attorney General in 1771. The feeble administration of which Lord North was the head, required some partisans capable, by their effrontery, of opposing the Opposition; and two they certainly boasted: Mr. Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville; and Thurlow. These would speak for Ministry when Ministry would not speak for themselves; and when wit or argument had struck others dumb with dismay, these continued to harangue undismayed. In 1778 he arrived at the highest honours of his profession, being created a peer, by the title of Lord Thurlow, of Ashfield, in Suffolk; and Lord High Chancellor of England. It was shrewdly suspected that he did not always in his heart, or in the cabinet, approve of every step taken by the languid statesmen which then managed our affairs: and some have thought, that he retailed the reasonings of others, though in his own manner; yet distinguished by sufficient marks of *restiveness*, from the genuine emanations of his own mind. He did what he did, rather because he could not do better, than because he was convinced that this was the very best that ought to be done. On the admission of Mr. Pitt to power, Lord Thurlow was understood to be consulted by him almost in the character of tutor; but the youth who, unfledged financier as he was, burst away from the toils of the Marquis of Lansdowne, was not likely to be long under tutelage. At length they openly differed: Lord Thurlow had unwarily promised to Mr. Pitt, the next presentation of the Mastership of the Rolls: but when Pepper Arden was named to be that Master, he endeavoured all in his power to thwart the appointment, and finding it impossible, his ill-humour manifested itself more and more, till at length a separation ensued. His Lordship retired to private life in 1792, and gradually declining in strength as age advanced, he died at Brighton, on Friday, September 13, 1806, aged 71.

The publick life of Lord Thurlow divides into the lawyer and statesman: but his personal character predominates in both. When pleading in the Douglas cause, he gave so much offence to Mr. Andrew Stuart, a gentleman of high talents and honour, and a principal agent for the Duke of Hamilton, (Thurlow was for his opponent, Douglas) that Mr. Stuart thought proper to call him to account. Thurlow vindicated his conduct as being merely professional; on which, report says, Mr. Stuart asked whether calling him "scoundrel" would tempt him to wave professional protection? The answer being in the affirmative, the offence was given, and a hostile interview took place, without serious

consequences. Many were his allusions to his adversary in the continuation of the trial, not all of which did him honour.

The most popular period of his life was during the debates on the Regency. In this turbulent and critical period, when stiffness and inflexibility were virtues of the very first order, Lord Thurlow, who possessed these virtues in their highest degree, was precisely what his situation required. He was the very Ajax of his party, and retired, as did that sullen Greek,

Ὡς δ' ὅτ' ὄνος παρ' ἄρουραν ἰὼν ἐδιήσατο παῖδας
Νωθὴς ᾧ δὴ πολλὰ περὶ ῥόπαλ' ἀμφὶς ἐάγη,
Κείρει τ' εἰσελθὼν βαθὺ λήιον οἱ δέ τε παῖδες
Τύπτουσιν ῥοπάλοισι· βίη δέ τι νήπια αὐτῶν·
Σπερδὴ τ' ἐξήλασσαν ἐπεί τ' ἐκορέσσατο φορβῆς

but returned again to the charge, and distinguished himself by his famous exclamation concerning his Majesty, "When I forget my King, may God forget me!" Detraction, however, has said, that he had that very morning received a private hint of the more than possibility that his Majesty would recover. We know that Detraction never restrains herself to truth, and we have no reason to infer, that, on this occasion, she departed from her general character.

But there is one event in his life which Detraction never dared to impeach; we mean his extremely handsome attention to Dr. Johnson, who wishing to travel abroad for his health, had applied for an addition to his pension. The reasons which induced a refusal, have no claim to a place in this article; but it is greatly to Lord Thurlow's honour that he softened the denial all in his power. The following is one of his letters on this occasion:

"*TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.*

"Sir, I should have answered your letter immediately; if (being much engaged when I received it) I had not put it in my pocket, and forgot to open it till this morning.

"I am much obliged to you for the suggestion; and I will adopt and press it as far as I can. The best argument, I am sure, and I hope it is not likely to fail, is Dr. Johnson's merit. But it will be necessary, if I should be so unfortunate as to miss seeing you, to converse with Sir Joshua on the sum it will be proper to ask—in short, upon the means of setting him out. It would be a reflection on us all, if such a man should perish for want of the means to take care of his health.

Yours, &c. THURLOW."

Johnson wished for 600*l.* i. e. the doubling of his pension for one year, for which sum Lord Thurlow gave Johnson leave to draw on his banker; taking the nominal security of his pension.

His Lordship never was married; but while a lounger at Nando's, formed a connexion with the bar-maid, whom he took from that station to his own house. Report speaks favourably of her conduct. He had several daughters by her; but during his Chancellorship his title was secured to the heirs of his brother who died Bishop of Durham. Accordingly it is now inherited by his nephew.

We must also report to his praise that he never suffered his private attachment to interfere with his publick duties. A person in the law, who held a certain post under his Lordship, applied through his Lordship's housekeeper, for an office of superiour importance, but was severely repulsed, and punished by ejection from the office he held; with many threats of vengeance to the uttermost on whoever applied *indirectly* for favours. This illicit connexion subjected his Lordship to a libel, which he dared not controvert, and in which the modest defence of fornication "*de bene esse*," put into his mouth, was thought to be a passable instance of ridicule.

Lord Thurlow had accustomed himself so strongly to a vulgar habit of profane swearing, that he was scarcely able to suspend it. If he did not swear in the House of Lords while Chancellor, he swore on the stairs and in the lobby: and if he did not swear while at Church, he could hardly restrain himself in the

porch: and this mental cacoethes was so inveterate, that his brother, the bishop, at length relinquished all hopes of a cure. His Lordship was also libelled for this bad habit in the Probationary Odes; as whoever has read them cannot fail of recollecting.

As a Chancellor, we believe, that Lord Thurlow's decrees gave as much satisfaction as can generally be expected: he was indeed, not a noviciate in the composition of decrees before he ascended the bench, if Rumour may be credited; and an allusion which fell from him in answer to Lord Bathurst, occasioned by his project on the subject of tythes, gave countenance to this insinuation. Whether the time he took "to consider," always met with the approbation of the parties to a suit, we are not able to affirm.

There are no qualities of the mind but might be useful in their proper places; and in certain conjunctions of circumstances, they may be extremely important: there are no minds so elevated but they may be degraded by bad habits. These principles are not only founded in nature, but are justified by the instance before us. We should be glad that his successours might consider some things in Lord Thurlow as exemplary; others we heartily wish them skill, virtue, and perseverance, to avoid.

For The Port Folio.

WANT OF PATRONAGE

The principal Cause of the Slow Progress

OF AMERICAN LITERATURE,

AN ORATION,

Delivered before the society of PHI BETA KAPPA, upon the anniversary of that institution,

BY SAMUEL F. JARVIS.

Sint Mæcenates, non deerunt, Flacce, Marones
MART.

(*Concluded.*)

Let us then turn to the only resource remaining, and consider what may be expected from national munificence.

And here I am forced to enter upon a theme barren indeed. What has our government done for the support of literature? Nothing. What has it given to support any one literary institution? Nothing. Nay, What has it advanced to supply the wants of a single literary character? Nothing. Add as much as you please to the blank scroll of governmental patronage, and still,

"A languid, leaden iteration reigns."

And the reason of this is plain. Wherever the existence of rulers depends upon the will of the people, they will ever be guided in their measures by the inclinations of the people. Popularity is the great object of attention to the one, and rigid economy in the publick expenditures, to the other. The question which is asked is not, whether a measure is really useful, but what it will cost; not whether the conduct of an administration has been such as to render the nation respected abroad and flourishing at home; but how much money it has spent, and how much it has still remaining in its treasury. Can it then be demanded whether the government will ever patronize literature? Never while the publick taste remains the same; never as long as a niggard economy is the only test of political excellence. The most effectual mode of patronizing learned men, would be by the endowment of Colleges and the establishment of Fellowships. But this can never be done as long as the councils of government seem formed only to be destroyed. The property of publick societies rests upon a very frail support, since the benefactions of the legislature at one session are liable to be withdrawn at another. If proof of this be demanded, I appeal to the records of the several states; for the system of government in each is fundamentally the same with that of the Union, and consequently the conduct of the one would, in similar circumstances, be the conduct of the other.

But I need not appeal to Records; I need only appeal to the recollection of those who hear me; and they will, doubtless, bear me witness that I

speak not without cause. The dissolution of both the Colleges in the state of Maryland must be an event fresh in the recollection of every one.* This, because it is a recent attack upon the literature of the country, carries conviction to the understanding; yet the procedure is far from being unprecedented. How many of those Colleges which were founded previous to the last twenty years are now remaining? And of those which do remain, how many are in a flourishing condition? The result of these questions presents but a gloomy picture of the extent of American Literature. The inquiry notwithstanding is necessary. The wound must be probed before it can be effectually healed; and the obstructions to the progress of learning must be known or they never can be removed. It would seem invidious to particularize either those states which have given encouragement to literature, or those which have contributed to its destruction. With respect to the latter we can only express a wish that they may hereafter be convinced how fatal is the tendency of their infatuation; and concerning the former that they will add still more to the bounty which they have bestowed.

If the cogency of example be required to strengthen what has now been said, let us turn our attention to a country which has long been the favourite seat of the sciences. We see her clergy respected, and supported in that dignity which should ever be attached to their character; we see her Universities liberally endowed, entrusted with the government of the cities in which they are placed, and consequently represented in the national Legislature. We behold on her pension list the names of the learned, and science made a step towards promotion. The necessary consequence of all this is, that in that country, Literature thrives, and shoots up into a tall and vigorous manhood. It may, I think, be asserted, without exaggeration, that to Great-Britain the world is indebted for the most accomplished scholars, the most enterprising philosophers, and the most eminent divines. If *we* wish to become thus celebrated for literature, let us also pursue the same course which has led them to glory.

But as long as those causes remain which prevent the adoption of a system of patronage, it is manifest that the only motive for the acquisition of science, which can possibly operate on the minds of our countrymen, is the love of it, considered only as a mean of promoting happiness.

If then learning be possessed of any worth, and this be the only incentive which we have for its cultivation, what can more increase it than the establishment of literary societies. The social principle in man operates for his improvement in mental, as well as bodily powers. As flame is produced by the friction of those hard substances which alone could not have effected it, so by the intercourse of kindred minds, they are roused into energetick action. And it will generally be found that all ages have been more or less conspicuous for depth of learning and brilliancy of genius, in proportion to the greater or less degrees of intercourse and friendship between learned men.

If this position be true, the society whose birth we this day commemorate, surely deserves the meed of publick approbation. Not that it has the vanity to think itself capable of effecting a reform in national taste, or to imagine that its feeble voice will pre-

* St. John's College in Annapolis, was founded in the year 1784, and was enabled by its charter to hold an annual income of 9000 *l.* currency, 1800 *l.* of which it actually possessed. The number of students was about 100, and the instructors were men of abilities and learning. This, together with Washington College in the county of Kent, which was also liberally endowed, constituted the University of Maryland. After repeated attempts, however, in some of which they met with a partial success, the Legislature of that State, during the autumn of 1805, succeeded in depriving both these Colleges of their funds, and consequently degraded them into private seminaries.

vail against the powerful foes of learning. It has however the merit of offering an example to the publick worthy of their imitation; it lends its aid also to preserve that morning twilight of science which, though not equal to the brightness of the rising sun, still preserves us from the totality of darkness.

And yet the same hard fortune, which has often been the reward of honest worth, has also attended us. Our actions have been calumniated, and the objects of our pursuit misrepresented. Not many years have elapsed since a conspiracy was found to exist in several parts of Europe, which threatened destruction to every nation in which it prevailed. The alarm which this excited, quickly spread across the Atlantick, and every society which in its proceedings shunned the publick eye, was denounced as dangerous. With the frog in the fable "Heu quanta nobis instat pernicies," seemed to be language of every one. In the general commotion, the PHI BETA KAPPA society did not escape the charge of Illuminism. It was accused of nourishing principles that tended to the subversion of government, and it was predicted that hereafter it would send forth into the world a band of youthful Catalines. Some of the members terrified at the blackness of that cloud which seemed ready to burst over their heads, shrunk from the impending danger, and a proposal was actually and publickly made for the dissolution of the society. Happily, however, the storm has blown over without producing any injury. The publick mind is relieved from its anxiety, and is at length convinced, that our pursuits are of a very different nature. They are, indeed, widely different. You, my brethren, will bear me witness, that its only objects are the promotion of literature and of social intercourse. No dissensions, no differences of party, nothing which can violate the laws either of God or man are admitted within its walls.

Such then, being the ornaments of which we boast, it seems almost superfluous to exhort you to alacrity and vigilance. Every circumstance conspires to increase your ardour. You behold the society continually rising higher and higher into estimation. It is respected both for the number of its members, and the brilliancy of talents which many of them have exhibited. To that number it has lately also received an acquisition, from the character of which, we may confidently hope, that they will not suffer the vestal flame, with which they have been entrusted, to decay.

Since our last anniversary however one event has occurred to damp the general joy. One of our number has been taken from us; yet it is no small alleviation to the sorrow which we feel, that we are permitted thus publickly to bear testimony to his worth. He is taken from us; but his virtues remain for our imitation, and his failings have descended with him to the grave.

"Peace to the memory of a man of worth,
A man of letters and of morals too!
Of manners sweet as Virtue always wears,
When gay good nature dresses her in smiles.
He grac'd a college ———
——— and was hohour'd, lov'd and wept,
By more than one, themselves conspicuous there."*

But the death of our brother is a still greater incentive to the pursuit in which we are engaged, for it reminds us of that end to which all our labours should ultimately tend. Whatever may be our employment in this life, we should ever consider it as a state of preparation for the next; and at the same time remember, that all the science and all the genius which man can possess, are of little worth unless they operate for his eternal welfare.

* In speaking thus highly of Mr. Welton, the authour cannot reasonably incur the charge of being misled by the warmth of friendship. His acquaintance with the deceased was just in its commencement, yet at that early period of intercourse he saw qualities which he could not but admire and love. Even common Report which usually presents to view not only the luminous, but also the dark side of the human character, seemed in this instance to delight in her partiality.

Let us then be earnest in the strife for that heavenly garland, which we hope that our friend has attained before us. And while such is the glorious prize for which we contend, who will not animate us with the exclamation,

"*Macte nova virtute—sic itur ad astra.*"

LEVITY.

During many delightful conversation scenes with Mr. Moore, we often heard him expatiate on the uncommon merit and brilliant genius of Mr. Curran, the celebrated Irish advocate. We have always understood that this eloquent lawyer, with the happy versatility of a truly original character, was an "*omnis homo,*" knowing every thing well, and talking on every topick enchantingly. As a specimen of his colloquial wit, we publish the following, which we have derived from a rare source, and we doubt not that we shall please the *classical* scholar.

The late Marcus Beresford, Esq. had a most remarkable shrill voice; so much so that it has not unaptly been compared to the sound produced by children through the windpipe of a goose. When he was first called to the bar, it was still more so. Once being employed upon a case of no very great import, such as might be entrusted to a tyro in the profession, the judges on the bench not paying much attention either to the youth or the case, entered into some conversation among themselves, and either did, or seemed to forget the speaker; which, when Mr. B. observed, he ceased to address the bench until he could command due respect. Upon the judges' resuming their attention, Mr. B. turned round to Mr. Curran, who was next to him, and said in a low tone of voice and with an air of mortification, What shall I say to these judges now, after their neglect of me so long? Say, replied Mr. C.

Ille ego, qui *quondam gracili modulatas avenâ.*

—

Once, knocking off the foot of his wine glass, he observed, *Stemmata quid faciunt.*

—

An accident of rather a ludicrous nature having occurred to C. K. Bushe, Esq. Solicitor General in Ireland, by the floor of a *necessary* having given way under him, Mr. Curran a few days afterwards addressed a note to him directed to The *Right Honourable* C. K. Bushe, &c. Mr. B. on meeting Mr. C. asked him why he had directed his note as above. Why, replied Mr. C. because I heard you had been made a *Privy* Counseller.

—

A young gentleman in company with Mr. C. having pronounced the word "nimirum" thus, "nimĭrum," was immediately exclaimed against for false quantity and mispronunciation. The gentleman, however, was with great gravity consoled by Mr. C. who assured him that at a period when the Latin tongue was in its highest state of purity, there was but one man among the Romans who could express the word with due correctness, quoting as sufficient authority for his assertion, the first line of Horace's epistle to Claudius Nero:

Septimius, Claudi, nimĭrum intelligit *unus.*

—

Between Mr. C. and Mr. *Egan* there existed, and still exists, a most warm friendship; they lived next door neighbours for several years, and were seldom seen going to court when practising barristers, but in each other's carriage. On alighting one day at the law court, a certain insect was observed crawling upon Mr. C.'s gown, by a brother lawyer, who, pointing to it, demanded "*Cujum pecus?*" Mr. Curran, nodding towards his companion, instantly replied, "*Nuper mihi dedidit* Egon.

MORTUARY.

Died, the 4th of October, at his lodgings, on the Pavilion Parade, Brighton, London, the celebrated Dr. Horsley, Bishop of St. Asaph. His Lordship was seized, a few days before, with a bowel complaint, which baffled all medical skill, and deprived the world of one of its brightest luminaries in religion and learning, as a Theologian, a Mathematician, and a

profound Classick. He was many years Rector of St. Mary's, Newington, the first parish to which he was promoted, and which preferment he held long after his episcopal elevation. His Lordship's first seat on the Reverend Bench, (for which he was, in a great degree, indebted to his noble friend the late Lord Thurlow), was in 1788, as Bishop of St. David's. In 1793, he was translated to the See of Rochester, with which he held the Deanery of Westminster, and in 1802 elevated, on the demise of the Hon. Dr. Bagot, to the more lucrative Bishoprick of St. Asaph. No man of the age, perhaps, possessed more of what is generally understood by the idea of *recondite* learning, or was more profoundly versed in classical chronology. He edited and illustrated some of the most important of Sir Isaac Newton's Works, and he was himself the authour of several esteemed mathematical and theological productions. As a senator, he was deservedly considered in the first class; there were few important discussions in the House of Lords, especially when the topicks referred to the Hierarchial Establishments of the country, that stupendous event the French Revolution, or the African Slave Trade, of which he was a systematick opponent—in which his Lordship did not participate. The Reverend Prelate was many years a leading member of the Royal Society; but withdrew from it, as has been said, in consequence of a certain high appointment taking place, of which he disapproved. His concluding words on retiring were, "I quit that temple where Philosophy once presided, and where Newton was her officiating minister!"

A FLOWER—BY A LADY.

There is a flower, a little flower,
  With azure crest and golden eye,
Whose smiles illume the vernal hour,
  Whose tints reflect the sky—
    Tell me its name!

The gayer beauties of the field,
  With rainbow-colour'd glories bright,
Their charms to every sunbeam yield,
  And, on the admiring sight,
    Obtrusive glare.

But this small flower, to Friendship dear,
  Beneath the white thorn's humble shade,
Amid the village haunts, shall rear
  Its unassuming head—
    Uncultured grow,

To bless his steps who cheerless treads,
  Unconsciously the woods among;
While busy Memory fondly leads
  To pleasures vanish'd long,
    And absent love.

The feeling heart shall seek the bower,
  Its early bloom was wont to cheer;
Shall find the consecrated flower,
  To Recollection dear—
    Affection's child.

The distant, or the buried friend,
  The soul congenial link'd to thine,
Again shall at thy side attend,
  In sweet communion join
    Thy pensive walk.

The joys that wing'd their rapid flight,
  Ere tasted half their magick power,
Again return—again delight
  The retrospective hour,
    With softer sway.

The wreath poetick fancy twines,
  Inspir'd by love or lur'd by fame,
With richer, gayer colours shines,
  And flowers of prouder name
    Their odours give.

But thou who own'st a kindred mind,
  Whose constant heart can feel the power
Of Friendship, sacred and refined,
  Shalt hail the cherish'd flower,
    FORGET-ME-NOT.

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Mr. Davis, authour of Travels in America, has nearly ready for publication, in one volume octavo, Memoirs of the Life of Chatterton the Poet.

Barreaux, a wretched poet, presented Monsieur, the Prince, with an epi-

taph on Moliere; the Prince thanked him, but told him, "I had much rather Moliere had brought me *yours*."

—

Translation of the forty-seventh sonnet of Petrarch.

TO LAURA.

Blest be the day, the month, the hour,
When first a lover's tender pain
Confess'd thine eyes' resistless power,
And captive fix'd me in thy train.

Blest be those sighs, those cherish'd tears,
That ardent, fond desire,
Which kindling all the poet's fire,
Taught me in numbers to invoke thy name;
And glowing through Fate's checker'd years,
Arous'd the generous voice of Fame.

Blest be the wound, which rankling still,
Declares my heart no longer free;
And blest the thought, the mind, the will,
That ever faithful wait on thee.

MERRIMENT.

A gentleman, at whose house a large party were dining, intreated his visitors to drink freely, and without ceremony, assuring them his servant had orders to bring only those bottles marked B, so that they might depend on having none but the very BEST. When the company were rendered pretty nearly incapable of judging between good and bad, clear or thick, or even between red and white, he called for a bottle marked B. B. His next neighbour, who was the only one that had escaped the effect of the former wine, took the liberty to ask what sort of wine was coming *now*, jocosely chiding him for not introducing it before *he* had left off drinking, expecting from the mark, it would prove *better* than the *best*. "If you really do not choose any more," said his friend, "I will tell you, in confidence, the two B's mean *bottoms of bottles*.

—

When the tax was imposed on watches, Prince Hoare, with his usual sprightliness, observed, that the most prevalent *case* among the watchmakers was *chagrine*.

—

Some gentlemen talking before Mr. Tooke on the inattention of writers to punctuation, it was observed, that the lawyers used no stops in their writings. "I should think nothing," said Mr. Tooke, "of their using no commas, semicolons, or colons, but the worst is, that they put no *periods* to their works."

—

Of a certain preacher, who, from early extravagance, had been what the sheriff's officers call *a little shy*, and from a slight weakness in his head, *a little obscure*, Dr. Parr wittily said, that "six days he was *invisible*, and on the seventh *incomprehensible*."

—

Lord G——, over the entrance of a beautiful grotto, had caused this inscription to be placed—"Let nothing enter here but what is good." Dr. Rennel, the Master of the Temple, who was walking over the grounds, asked, with much point, "Then where does his lordship enter?"

—

Dr. Pitcairn, having been out shooting one whole morning, without killing any thing, was returning home, when his servant begged leave to go into a field, where he was almost certain of finding some birds; "and," added the man, "if there are, I'll doctor them."—"Doctor them!" said the son of Galen; "what do you mean by that?"—"Why, *kill them*, Sir."

—

When the directory government was established in France, Thomas Paine drew an argument in favour of *five* directors from nature, which gives us *five fingers* on each hand, and *five toes* on each foot. Sir Robert Smyth, who was then at Paris, observed that Paine was hard put to it, and reduced to the *lowest extremities*.

—

A bon vivant of fashion, brought to his death-bed by an immoderate use of wine, after having been seriously taken leave of by Dr. Pitcairn, and ingenuously told that he could not, in all human probability, survive twelve hours, and would die by *eight* o'clock next morning, exerted the small remains of his strength to call the doctor back, which having accomplished with

difficulty, his loudest effort not exceeding a whisper, he said, with the true spirit of a gambler, "Doctor, I'll bet you a *bottle* I live till *nine!*"

—

The Margravine of Anspach, conversing with Mr. Matthias on Italian literature, said she was very fond of reading Ariosto: Mr. Matthias laughingly asked how she did when she came to the 28th Canto? "Oh, Sir," answered she, "at all such places, I *skip*."—"For *joy*, Madam?" asked he.

—

Miss Pope was rallied one evening in the Green-room, by a certain actress, more noted for her gallantries than professional talents, on the largeness of her shape, on which she observed, "I can only wish it as *slender* as your reputation.

—

Lord H— B—— telling Captain Campbell, on his marriage with Lady Charlotte, that he could never look at his wife without breaking the tenth commandment. "Your Lordship," replied the Captain, "is welcome to break the *tenth* commandment as much as you please, provided you do not break the *seventh*."

—

The King, at a levee, was paying Admiral Gardner many compliments: the Admiral was overcome, and could not speak—Lord Melville (then Mr. Dundas) said, "Your Majesty sees Gardner may be *overcome* by his *friend*, but not by his *enemies*."

—

A gentleman, speaking of the marriage of Lord D—— with Miss F——, expatiated *con amore* on the lady's beauty and *elegant form*, and praised, as liberally, the *good nature* of his lordship.—"Then," said Butler Danvers, "the worst thing they could do was to marry. It will spoil the *shape* of the one, and the *temper* of the other."

—

J. P. Kemble, when he performed at Plymouth, a few summers ago, was rehearsing the part of King Lear; when he came to the scene where the old King imprecates the curse of *barrenness* on his daughter Gonerill, he observed the young lady, who was to enact the character, shudder and turn aside,—"Don't be alarm'd, my dear," said he, "I warrant there is no danger of the curse taking effect."

—

"What a sad life we *publick* men lead," observed a French magistrate of distinction. "We are at the mercy of every body's caprice."—"Alas! I know it but too well," replied Madame Tallien, "I have never slept a moment since *I belonged to the publick*."

—

Of the various devices impressed on the copper coins that were, a few years ago, sent into circulation, from almost every town in the kingdom, Dr. Parr observed, that perhaps the most appropriate was the Scotch halfpenny, with the *face* of Mr. Dundas, and the motto—*ære perennius*.

—

Mr. Canning, seeing the Duke of M—nch—r, rowing a boat with all the skill and strength of a waterman, (his favourite employment,) said, "That his Grace was certainly prepared for the worst extremities: since by the dexterous use of his *scull*, he could at least contrive to keep his own *head* above water.

—

A young musician, on his first appearance in publick, was so intimidated, as hardly to be able to perform his part, and particularly to execute well those graces that principally display talents; on which Mrs. Crespigny observed, that "he *trembled* so much, he could not *shake*."

—

Mr. Jekyll, speaking of the Ad—n Administration, said, it was an attempt to play the *Beggar's Opera* without *Macheath*.

—

Alderman Curtis will certainly be handed down to posterity as incontestibly the best and most classical toastmaster that ever presided over city festivities. On one occasion he displayed his vast knowledge of orthography by giving a toast—"The *three* C's, Cox, KING, and CURTIS." But even this was, perhaps, surpassed by

the elegant simplicity and laconick parsimony of words, so conspicuous in the patriotick toast he, at another time proposed, when in the fulness of his heart he exclaimed, "Come, gentlemen, charge your glasses, *Here's a* speedy *peace*, and soon."

—

"What unintelligible noises do those people make who cry goods about the streets," said a gentleman to Caleb Whitefoord, as they walked through the Strand—"Now hear that milkwoman! Does her scream resemble any sound in any language that ever yet was spoken?" "Oh yes," replied Caleb, "'tis very good French; the milkmen in London have cried their commodity in French from time immemorial, with a happy application to the composition of it: they cry MI-EAU; that is, *half* water."

—

Lady S—— was saying one evening, that she had no control over her daughter, for that she would have her will in every thing; "and yet I cannot wonder at it," added she, "it is in the blood." "Say, in the *sex*," rejoined Mr. Sheridan.

—

Mr. Goldie, a Scotchman of some fortune, being supposed to be deranged in his intellects, his friends applied for a commission of lunacy against him, which, by the law of Scotland, proceeds on the verdict of a jury. Mr. Goldie conducted his own defence with an ability that astonished every one, and concluded an unsuccessful address to the jury in these words: "Thus, gentlemen, I have gone through the whole case, and it is for you to determine whether I be mad or not. If I am declared to be *mad*, I shall, at least, have the satisfaction to have it found by a verdict of my *peers*."

—

Wewitzer asked a citizen, whether he would rather *kiss a pretty girl, or partake of a good feast?* The citizen honestly replied, that he should prefer the latter. "I never thought you," replied Wewitzer, "a man of the *ton* before, but I now find that you have more *taste* than *feeling*."

Incledon was one day at Tattersall's, when Suett, happening to be there too, asked him, if he was come there to buy horses?—"Yes," said Incledon; "but what are you come here for? Do you think, Dicky, you could tell the difference between a horse and an ass?"—"Oh yes," answered Suett; "If you were among a thousand horses, I should know you immediately."

—

On the marriage of Admiral Sir H. P— with Miss O—, Mr. Pitt said, that "forty-three years was certainly rather a long period to intervene between the age of a husband and his wife, but in the case of the gallant Admiral, it was quite in character—who had never yet regarded the *superiour force* of the enemy!"

—

When a soldier once fell into the Thames, and was drowned, Prince Hoare asked what regiment he belonged to, and was answered, "The *Life-guards*."—"Nay, my good sir," said he, "there I think you must be mistaken, for he is certainly in the *Coldstream*."

—

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"The fashionable party," is a very charming picture of "midnight dance and revelry." But the sprightly Garrick has painted it in colours of still brighter hue,

The *card invites*, in crowds we fly,
To join the jovial rout, full cry.
What joy, *from plagues and cares all day*,
To hie to the midnight hark away

Nor want, nor pain, nor grief, nor care,
Nor DRONISH HUSBANDS enter there;
The brisk, the bold, the young, the gay,
All hie to the midnight hark away.

Uncounted strikes the morning clock,
And drowsy watchmen idly knock;
Till daylight peep, we'll sport, and play,
And roar to the jolly hark away

When tired with sport to bed we'll creep,
And kill the oblivious morn with sleep;
Tomorrow's welcome call obey
And again to the midnight hark away.

The hint from Edinburg is *honoured*, and taken. For the character of a Scotchman and a scholar the editor

has the highest respect. He has cogent reasons to love the country. He can exclaim, with all the enthusiasm of Walter Scott,

O Caledonia! stern, and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetick child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
LAND OF MY SIRES! what mortal hand,
Can e'er untie the *filial band*,
That knits me to thy rugged strand!

The picture of a leading Jacobin in a neighbouring city is a *full length*. Churchill has given us the *miniature*,

A man so *proud*, that should he meet
The *twelve apostles* in the street,
He'd turn his nose up at them all
And *spurn his Saviour from the wall.*

A man so *mean*, MEANNESS and PRIDE
Still go together, side by side,
That he would creep, would cringe, be civil
And hold a stirrup to the devil,
If, in a journey to his mind,
He'd let him mount, and *ride behind!*

"Carlos" is a *cavalier*. We wish him to become a constant correspondent.

We shall be happy to receive more specimens of Spierin's poetry.

"Sedley" goes on rejoicing. His rapid advance in the path of elegant literature is not less honourable to himself, than pleasing to his friends.

The difficulty of obtaining very old or scarce books, in this country, is a very common topick of complaint, with the studious and inquisitive. For COWLEY'S "Cutter of Colman Street," the Editor has searched the shops in vain. Any gentleman, possessing this interesting comedy, will oblige the Editor by sending it to his address. The solution of his solicitude to peruse an obsolete play, may be found in one of the critical canons of Dr. Johnson, who declares, somewhere, that it has, in a very great degree, the power of fixing attention, and exciting merriment.

The verses of "Annius" in this day's Port Folio are very melodious in their versification. The imagery of this poet is striking, and his sentiments are delicate and correct.

Mr. Jarvis's chaste and elegant oration, which reprobates the supine indifference of the republican faction to the charms of Literature, is the offspring of Genius, Taste, and just Indignation. The authour's description of the mercenary, illiberal, surly, and knavish spirit with which the *Majority* are haunted, is faithful and true. One of the greatest favourites among our literary friends is preparing, very vigorously, to follow up this well-deserved blow on the callous cheek of the *Citizen*, and the Vandal character of the Government. During the hottest of the battle the Editor will advance with his auxiliaries, and MAINTAIN THE GROUND. He is unalterably of opinion, that Learning, Genius, and Literary Enterprize have no such foes as those miserable institutions under which we languish; and that penurious, cold blooded, and ignorant administration, which disgraces us at home, and makes us despised abroad.

While, to the very great regret of the Editor, many of the classical scholars of the country are wholly remiss in their correspondence, he is too often overwhelmed with a load of trash, and all the crudities of Literature. On searching his letter box he has often had the mortification to find, neither rhyme nor reason, but

Poems so very grave and sensible,
That they are *quite incomprehensible*,
Prose which has been at Learning's fair,
And bought up all the *trumpery* there;
The tattered rags of every vest
In which the Greeks and Romans drest;
And, o'er the figure, swoln and antick,
Scattered them all with airs so frantick,
That those, who saw the fits she had,
Declared *unhappy Prose was mad!*

We have been much amused by the description of "a *Loveyer*". But we suspect, from our knowledge of the character alluded to, that he is a sincerer worshipper of Bacchus, than of Beauty. The gay Benedick might exclaim to our correspondent,

If you prove that he ever loses more blood with love, than he *will get again with drinking*, you may pick out his eyes with a *ballad maker's* pen, and hang him, up at a brothel, for the *sign of blind Cupid.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

Videor pios
Errare per lucos, amoenae
Quos et aquae subeunt et aurae.

Far beneath the western sky,
Where delightful regions lie,
Temper'd by a cooling breeze
Blowing from the southern seas,

In a deep embow'ring shade,
Shall my lonely house be made:
Wilt thou Cara, lovely fair!
Dwell with me secluded there?

There shall be a river near,
Deep, majestick, bold and clear;
And a sweet pellucid rill,
Swiftly rushing from a hill;
And a mountain's airy height
Shall arrest the wandering sight:
Wilt thou Cara, lovely fair!
Dwell with me, secluded there?

Sitting in a cooling shade,
By a fair magnolia made,
Sweetly musing, we shall view
Proud *Albino*'s misty hue
Mixing with the azure skies;
Where the soaring eagle flies;
Where sagacious buzzard's sail,
Softly sleeping on the gale;
Where the weary clouds are seen
Resting on the summit green:
Wilt thou Cara, pensive fair!
Gaze with me delighted there?

From the lightning-blasted oak,
Shall we hear the raven croak;
And at eve, the whip-poor-will
Near our cottage, by the rill,
Shall, from his untiring throat,
Pour his melancholy note;
Wildly up the lonely stream,
Shall we hear the panther scream;
Hear the wolf's tremendous howl,
And the hooting of the owl;
Wilt thou Cara, timid fair!
Trust to my protection there?

Often from the craggy steep,
We'll survey the river deep;
Where a thousand fowls appear,
Sporting in the water clear;
Nearer to the brink we'll go,
Shuddering at the depth below;
Where the rushing torrents roar,
Dashing on the rocky shore;
Where the cedar ever green
On the jutting cliff is seen;
And the spruce, with princely pride,
Towering o'er the foaming tide:
Wilt thou Cara, pensive fair!
Muse with me, delighted there?

Haste thee Cara! let us stray
Through the forest wild and gay;
Where the ponderous buffaloe,
Safe from man, his deadly foe,
Browses through the verdant glade,
Rest securely in the shade,
Or with elks, and sportive deer,
Seeks the river cool and clear:
Wilt thou Cara, smiling fair!
Stray with me, delighted there?

Then, transported, let us rove
Through the aromatick grove;
And in fragrant orange bowers,
Deck the nuptial couch with flowers,
While the plaintive turtle dove
Sweetly sings her notes of love;
Circled in thy lovely arms,
Feasting on celestial charms,
I will only live for thee,
Thou shalt only live for me;
Every motion of thy eye,
Every look and every sigh,
Every smile and word of thine,
Shall be mine,——and only mine:
Hoary headed Time shall swear,
"Never lived a happier pair:"
Wilt thou Cara, lovely maid!
Seek with me the orange shade?

And when life's exhausted fire
Faintly burns,—we'll both expire;
And with one united sigh,
In a moment we shall die:
Canst thou Cara, lovely fair!
Die with me, contented there?

Should it be my fate to go,
Leaving Cara, here below,
Nightly, in the forest near,
Thou my doleful voice shalt hear;
Haste thee Cara, I will say,
"*Come my fair one!* come away!
"Mounted in a fiery car,
"Guided by a friendly star,
"Soon we'll reach the land of joy,
"Where the pleasures never cloy:
"Heavenly groves, celestial bowers,
"Fragrant and immortal flowers,
"Chrystal streams, that ever flow,
"Trees, that green forever grow,
"Joyful springs, in meadows gay,
"Wait thy coming. Haste away!
"There our sister souls shall join
"Lost in ecstasy divine!"

ANNIUS.

April 9th. 1807.

EPITAPH—On a Soldier.

When I was young, in wars I shed my blood,
Both for my king and for my country's good:
In elder years my chief care was to be
Soldier to him, who shed his blood for me.

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